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### LIGHT FROM A NEW SOURCE.

Mr. Charles P. Mellen, of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, is a new kind of railroad president. The novelty is especially startling in the head of a corporation whose policy has always been "The public be damned."

Mr. Mellen has been giving the Hartford Board of Trade some ideas about the proper relation of corporations with the community. He believes that they must find some way of getting over their present unpopularity.

They must come out into the open and see and be seen. They must take the public into their confidence and ask for what they want and no more, and then be prepared to explain satisfactorily what advantage will accrue to the public if they are given their desires, for they are permitted to exist not that they may make money solely, but that they may effectively serve those from whom they derive their power.

Publicity, and not secrecy, will win hereafter, and laws will be constructed by their intent and not killed by their better; otherwise public utilities will be manned and operated by the public which created them, even though the service be less efficient and the result less satisfactory from a financial standpoint.

The officials of the Public Service Corporation, of New Jersey, whose outraged patrons are smashing its cars, and those of the Erie, whose commuters are flocking in droves to other roads, may appreciate Mr. Mellen's further observation:

To my mind the day has gone by when a corporation can be handled successfully in defiance of the public will, even though that will be unreasonable and wrong. The public may be led, but not driven, and I prefer to go with it, and shape or modify, in a measure, its opinion, rather than be swept from my bearings, with loss to myself and the interests in my charge.

These remarks are peculiarly significant, considering their source. There is no corporation that has been managed with more hob-nailed disregard of the rights and feelings of the public than the New Haven railroad—none that has accumulated a greater fund of unpopularity—none whose patrons would be more ready to forsake en masse for any promising competitor. Its service even yet is far from perfect, although for some of its faults the New York Central may be more to blame than itself, and its rates are still extortionate. But President Mellen's enlightened words give hope that they may be followed by deeds to match; and if they are every corporation in America will feel the effects.

### MR. BRYAN LOSES HIS TEMPER.

Mr. Bryan evidently feels his power slipping away from him. His splendid digestion no longer keeps him superior to "nerves." He is becoming irritable and ill-tempered. He gives rude answers to civil questions. These are symptoms well known in Wall street. When a speculator begins to betray them his bankers ask for more collateral.

Mr. Bryan used to be good-humored. He gave hard knocks, but they were not spiteful. He fought with fists, not with claws. It is regrettable to observe that the impending collapse of his party leadership has soured his once amiable temper, but there could be no better assurance of success for those who wish to see the Democracy "sane and dangerous."

### EVERY MAN HIS OWN VREELAND.

Mayor McClellan offered a partial solution of the transit problem in the World's Sunday Magazine yesterday. He walks. Blockades, overcrowded cars and disconnected connections have no terrors for him. Every morning he strides briskly into his office with his lungs full of fresh air instead of microbes, and every evening he takes home a healthy appetite for dinner instead of a headache.

The distances are so great in New York that it is not possible to depend entirely on foot transit, but it is possible for people to walk a great deal more than they do, so to relieve the cars of most of their congesting short-distance traffic. Anybody in good health living within two miles of his place of business ought to be able to go on foot without serious loss of time. A brisk two-mile walk would take half an hour. To cover the same distance on a car would take about fifteen minutes. Allow five minutes for making connections, and you have a saving of only ten minutes. Against that think what an advantage the pedestrian has in health and comfort, not to speak of money! On a trip of one mile the loss of time in walking would not exceed three minutes, and on one of half a mile the pedestrian would usually do quite as well as the one who waited for a car.

Imagine the relief to long-distance passengers if no white-bodied person travelling less than forty blocks forced his way among the strap-hanging crowds!

**Slight Exaggeration.**—Even Senator Dubois, of Idaho, who came into the Democratic party on the silver issue, admits that free silver is dead, and that Mr. Bryan is making a mistake in trying to revive it. Mr. Dubois says that free silver will have no friends at St. Louis, but this is probably an overstatement. There will surely be one silver man at St. Louis, for the Democrats of Nebraska will certainly not deny Mr. Bryan the courtesy of giving him a seat in the convention, and even if they should he could get a ticket for the gallery.

### WISDOM AD ABSURDUM.

A curious blunder appears in a long and elaborate discussion of the rapid-transit question in the Evening Post. The writer, after producing figures to show that the increase in the annual number of passengers carried amounts to an average of 112,000 a day for the last five years, explains that this means that 112,000 more people were riding yesterday than the day before, that 112,000 more are riding to-day than yesterday, that there will be 112,000 more to-morrow than to-day, and that this daily increase has been constant for five years.

Of course, what the figures really show is that there are 112,000 more passengers to-day than on the corresponding day last year. On the other theory nobody could have been riding three weeks ago, since there are only about 2,300,000 per day now.

**Repeal by Common Consent.**—As the ridiculous "near-side" ordinance is a legacy of the reform administration, the Panama Board of Aldermen need not be restrained by any pride of consistency from repealing it. Even those who expected to see "the lid off" on the first of January will admit that in this respect at least there is a good chance for improvement.

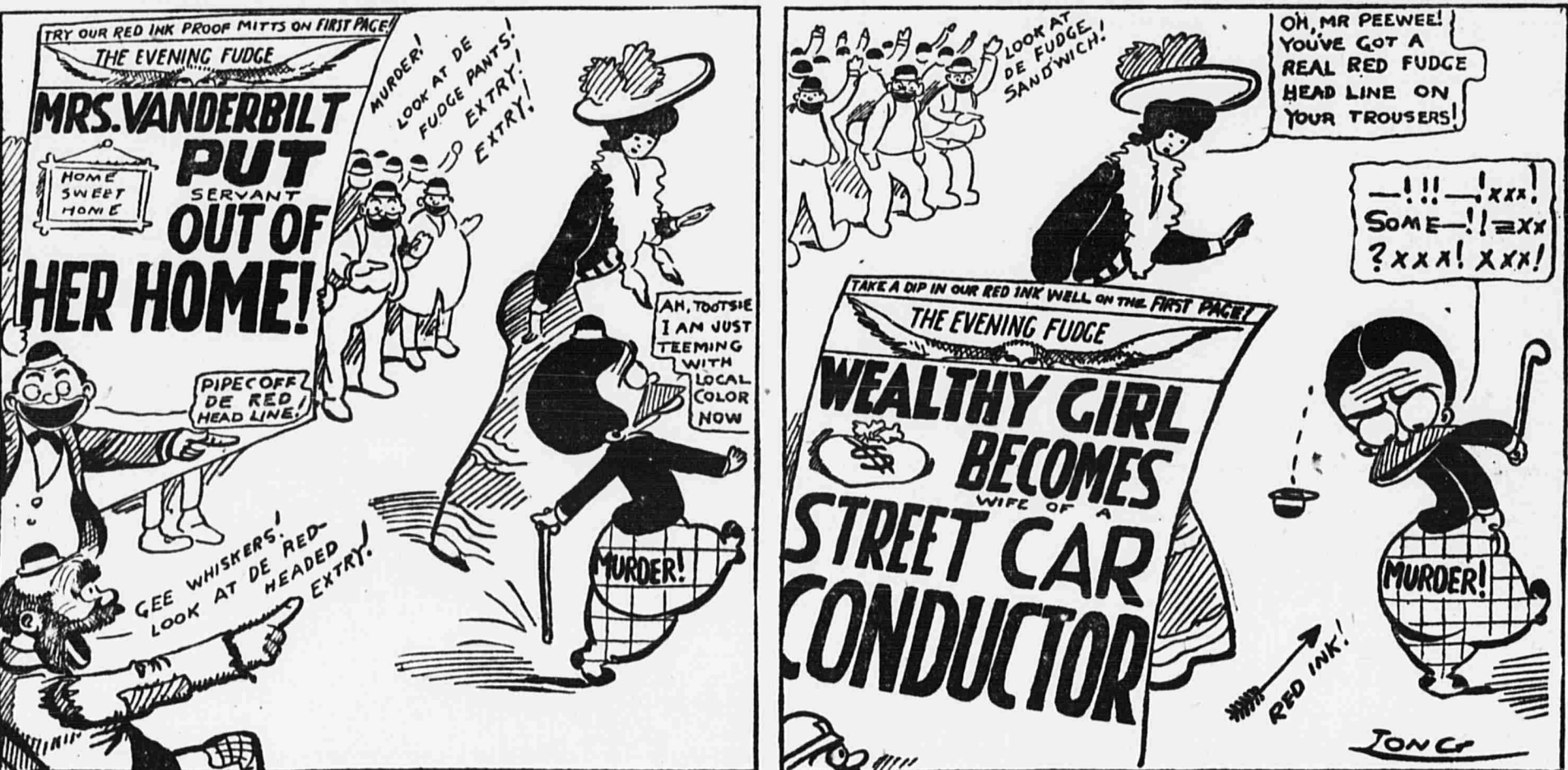
# The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

The Most Important Little Man on Earth.

(Originally Drawn for The Evening World by Cartoonist Ed Flinn January 31, 1903.)

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## Mr. Peewee Becomes a Walking "Evening Fudge."



PRIZE PEWEE HEADLINES FOR TO-DAY. \$1 paid for each: No. 1, M. J. MAGEE, 266 First Street, Jersey City, N. J.; No. 2, P. VAN KIRK, 63 Wall Street, New York City; No. 3, MISS MAY FOLSON, 144 East 19th Street, New York City; No. 4, INEZ GRISWOLD CUSHING, 203 West 120th Street, New York City.

## NOVEL-READING NELLIE M'GEE

The Librarian Finds It Hard to Suit Her Taste for Romantic Literature.



**SEASONABLE.**  
"Did it ever occur to you that news is like an egg?"  
"Full of meat, you mean?"  
"No. If it's bad it should be broken gently."—Philadelphia Press.

**ARTIFICIAL HEIGHT.**  
"He wants to be considered a giant in debate," said one statesman.  
"Yes," answered the other; "that's why he insists on using stilted language for underlined thoughts."—Washington Star.

**HIGH CHURCH.**  
Mrs. Rocker—I think we'd better attend that new church. It is ultra-fashionable.  
Mr. Rocker—Think so?  
Mrs. Rocker—Yes, the pews rent for as much as grand opera boxes.—Chicago News.

**TECHNICALLY.**  
"What type of man is he?"  
"Oh, one of the kind you can read as easily as print."—Chicago Times-Herald.

**BOSTON LADIES.**  
Gertrude—How do you know Mrs. Dowday makes her own clothes? Has she a sewing-woman's forefinger?  
Millicent—I don't know anything about that. I was thinking of the horrid way her gowns fit her.—Boston Transcript.

**SIX-MONTH NIGHTS.**  
The Greenlander—Now, I can't vote until spring.  
The Explorer—I don't see why.  
The Greenlander—They've closed the poles for the night.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**NEXT BEST THING.**  
She—I wonder why they ring that picture?  
He—Perhaps they couldn't catch the artist.—TH-BKA.

**COMPLICATED.**  
The Sad One—I am troubled with insomnia and cannot sleep.  
The Kidder—What is it, debt or love?  
The Sad One—I was afflicted with the former, and the latter naturally followed to complicate matters—Bute Inter-Adventures.



"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that the citizens of Hoboken are getting ready to take away the license allowing street cars to run in the streets, which is a new gag on me, because I didn't know they had street cars in Hoboken."

"Everybody in Hoboken don't go home with a tide," remarked the Man Higher Up. "They surely have got street cars over there, as well as in Jersey City, West Hoboken, Union Hill, Secaucus, North Bergen, Weehawken, O'Learyville and the other places where people think they are living in Jersey. They cried for street cars, and now that they have street cars they wish they hadn't."

"All of the street car lines running into Weehawken and Jersey City are owned by what is called the Public Service Corporation. The proper name for it is 'The Public Serve Us Corporation.' There was a time when residents of Hoboken and Jersey City could be sure that the cars were running without looking at the newspapers. Now they have to use the telephone to find out if the power-house is in operation, and the people of Hudson County are getting wedge-shaped by natural evolution from forcing their way into the cars."

"When the Public Serve Us Corporation got its hooks into all the East Jersey competing lines and put them under one management the people were getting a freer ride for five cents, and if a man rode on the cars often enough he got a chance to sit down. It wasn't necessary to stand on a corner until one became an old resident of the neighborhood waiting for a car. The service was bad enough, but the managers and employees were doing the best they could."

"The reorganizers took charge of affairs and hired expert public oppressors to examine the lines. They found out that some of the passengers were absolutely comfortable, that the cars ran on a regular schedule, that outside of the rush hours passengers could get seats and that the rolling stock was kept clean."

"Horrible!" said the reorganizers. "These railroads have got to be improved."

"So they hunted up the worst managed system of street railroads in the world, and they didn't have to go far to do it. They found it in the Brooklyn Rotten Transit. Some of the bright and shining shames of the B. R. T. management were enticed to Jersey and placed in charge of the Jersey City and Hoboken systems, and they began to employ Brooklyn Rotten Transit methods. Since that time the roads have been going on the fritz and the people have been going dippy. The overdue explosion has come, but the managers are not fazed. They have hopes of training the Jerseyites so that in time they will become as meek as the people who live in Brooklyn."

"There ought to be a law compelling street railroad companies to give good service," asserted the Cigar Store Man.

"There is," replied the Man Higher Up, "but the law was framed by the people who own the street railroads. The people who ride in street cars haven't got wise enough to support lobbies to look after their interests in the State Legislature."

## Take Your Kisses Boiled.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

The custom of kissing between persons—between children and between adults—ought to be abolished because it is an injurious practice in more ways than one, and is very liable to spread contagion.

S O Dr. F. E. Haynes, medical inspector of the Health Department of Minneapolis, in his annual sanitary report, just published, outdoes New York's health experts, who in their recently declared war on the microbe content themselves with a denunciation of the feather duster.

The Western medical expert, not satisfied with the abolition of a household article without which, unless some satisfactory substitute were found, spiders would build their filmy castles around the lampshades and the dust of ages settle over the portrait of the Countess of our lives and the cobwebs from our hearts.

And while the New York officials suggest the useful but unpoetic moist mop as a substitute, the edict abolishing kissing carries with it no similar recommendation to mercy.

Perhaps the Western Health Board thinks that with kisses, as with patent medicines, we must accept no substitute and that there is no "just as good."

But after making the further declaration that "kissing is the bane of modern civilization and the breeder of diseases," could not Dr. Haynes have suggested a remedial rather than a destructive measure? There is, after all, a universal, even if unreasoning, prejudice among human beings in favor of kissing, and so long as it exists would it not be wiser for health boards to consider methods of making the kiss harmless rather than thus waste their energies in vain denunciation and anathema?

When physicians united in declaring that the deadliest disease microbes swarm in drinking-water and crowd all over each other in milk they did not abolish these necessary elements, but simply filtered the one and pasteurized the other. Why do they not devise some method by which hygienic lovers may boil the kiss, and thus outwit and destroy the deadly little bacilli that lurk and leap on their too sympathetic lips?

Already in Minneapolis the Health Board's mandate has divided an enraptured young man from his fiancée, who, as a result of Dr. Haynes's report, declined to kiss him, on the plea that "he had not been boiled."

Surely before the discussion spreads something should be done to deprive the kiss of the microbe or the microbes of its fang.

But in considering this interesting scientific problem a word of caution is necessary. Perhaps love itself is of microbial origin, and the kiss which conveys the lurking germs of pneumonia and scarlet fever may also carry the subtle poison that death itself cannot take away. Only by determining the different degrees Fahrenheit at which the various bacilli shrivel into harmlessness can the grave danger of destroying the bacillus of love itself be avoided.

But with a graduated scale of temperatures this puzzle would be passed and a sanitary era of boiled kisses reign forever.

### Acme of Sensitiveness.

The electrometer is so acutely sensitive that it will detect in one minute an amount of matter which must accumulate for 2,000,000 years before there is enough of it to affect the most sensitive chemical balance.